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of the mutual love of William and Sally, finally gave his blessing and consent to their union. Need it be told that the well-won silver cup was ever looked on as an honoured vessel, and that Sally prized it nearly as much as William himself did?

J. F. M.

A RIDE WITH DEATH.

I saw him pass by, while the east-wind blew,
And the vernal blooms from the branches flew;
Lo! there he speeds, that old skeleton-man,
With his frame all bleached, all withered and wan;
His eye-balls are gone, and his cheek-bones bare,
And he rides a pale horse through the cold humid air!

Now he resteth himself 'neath an old dry tree,
Where the moss hath grown for a century;
He feeds his steed with grass that grew rank
On the field where warriors in battle sank;
Redabbled with blood, it thick grew, and strong,
And to Death's pale horse doth of right belong!

Gone is the beauty from violet blue,
For the look of Death hath pierced it through;
And the crocus that bloomed near the old dry tree,
Hath faded away, such a sight to see;
And the grass where he sat, that was bright and green,
Turned pale as the blades where a stone hath been.

Ha! ha! old pilgrim! may I go with thee,
Thy doings fearful and strange to see?
He nodded his head; not a word said Death,
For he had little need to waste his breath:
A man of short speech, he speaks in his brow;
He looks what he means, when he says "Come thou!"

We paused near a maiden with rosy cheek,
A lovely maiden, with blue eye meek;
But her youthful bloom, how it faded away!
Her heart was in heaven, she might not stay;
And we looked at an infant that lay on the breast,
A mother's pride, and it sank to rest!

We stood by the cot of a widowed dame;
Life's feeble embers gave out their last flame:
At the hut of a slave we stepped gently in;
With pity Death looked on his frame so thin,
And his face, as he watched at the old man's bed,
Said "Peacefully let him be one with the dead!"

At a palace we tarried, and there one lay
On his last sad couch, at the close of day;
He struggled hard, but Death's face said "No!
Duty is mine, wheresoever I go:
Peasant or king, it is all the same,
Mine must thou be—I have here thy name!"

We hovered around where a Christian sire
Lay waiting to join the eternal choir;
Peaceful and calm was his holy repose;
He sank as the sun on a May-day's close:
He rose as the sun with beams tricked anew,
When flowers bend with beauty, and leaves with dew.

We crossed the path of a beautiful bark,
How many the corpses, all stiff and stark!
Down sank the vessel beneath the wild wave,
No hand was near one poor soul to save!
We glanced at a ship by an iceberg crushed,
We gazed but a moment—then all was hushed.

We asked of a miser to yield up his gold,
But he loosed not his clutch when his hands were cold.
We entered a town, as it shook to and fro,
An earthquake was raging in fury below;
Dwellings were rocking like trees when storm-tost,
Crashing and sinking—till all were lost!

We stayed our flight o'er a funeral pile,
Where the Ganges roll'd swift through a deep defile;
Where Brahmin priests rent with cries the air,
While the victim lay burning and crackling there;
And the devotees of dark Jaggernath
We saw mangled and torn in its bloody path.

We paused a while where a family stood,
Partaking the sacred "body and blood;"
And we saw their mother unfaltering pray,
When life's mellow evening was fading away;
And as she sighed out her last tremulous breath,
Was ended my first wild ride with Death.

—From the Knickerbocker.



ANCIENT SEAL OF THE ISLAND OF SAINT COLMOC.

THE prefixed woodcut of an impression of an ancient monastic seal hitherto unpublished, will, we think, interest some of our readers both in Scotland and Ireland, as, though it is certainly not Irish, it is intimately connected with that bright period of our history when Ireland sent forth her crowds of learned ecclesiastics to preach the gospel and instruct the people, not only to Scotland and England, but also to Germany, France, Switzerland, Belgium, Mecklenburg, and even distant Iceland, in all which their memories are still venerated as patron saints—that period to which Spenser alludes in the lines:

"Why, lo, when Ireland flourished in fame
Of wealth and goodness, far above the rest
Of all that bear the British island's name."

The matrix, which is of bronze or brass, was discovered among old brass at a foundry in London some three or four years ago, and is now in the possession of Mr Thomas, a merchant of that city, who has the largest collection of remains of this kind ever found in the British empire.

The legend, which is in the semi-Saxon character of the twelfth century, reads—

SI . COMMUNE . DE . INSULA . SANCTI . COLMOCI :

OR,

THE COMMON SEAL OF THE ISLAND OF SAINT COLMOC.

The locality of this seal has been hitherto referred to the celebrated Irish monastery of Iona, or Hy-Columbkille, and such we ourselves deemed it when the impression was first sent to us. But on maturer reflection we are now disposed to consider this conclusion erroneous, and that the seal should with greater probability be referred to the monastery of Inch-Colm, a small island in the Frith of Forth, lying between Edinburgh and Inverkeithing, and which was anciently called Emonia, or Y-mona, i. e. the Island of Mona. On this island the Scottish King Alexander I., in gratitude for his escape from a violent storm, by which he was driven on the island in 1123, founded a monastery dedicated to its patron saint, and of which there are still considerable remains. It was plundered by the English in the reign of Edward III., who, as it is said, suffered shipwreck for their sacrilege; and if we might hazard a conjecture, it would be, that the seal may have been carried into England at that time. But be this as it may, the seal perfectly agrees in style with similar remains of the twelfth century, and we have little doubt that this is its true locality, as the name in the legend will not with correctness or propriety apply to any other known to exist. For, in the